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Poems, Prose and Songs
of
Trees and Woodland
for
South Carolina



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STATE DOCUMENTS

S. C. State Commission of Forestry
Columbia

MADE OF WOOD

(To be sung to the tune of "America the Beautiful")

The ships hard fought by John Paul Jones,
The rails that Lincoln split;
Brave Freedom's huts at Valley Forge,
The synonym of grit;
Mount Vernon's halls and columned porch
Where Washington once stood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The musket butt the Minute Man
Pressed hard to sturdy shoulder;
The high stockade of Dan Boone's fort
That thwarted redskin murder;
The ramrod Molly Pitcher snatched,
All red with loyal blood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The staff that held fort Moultrie's flag,
By gallant Jasper raised;
Bold Perry's fleet from forest hewed
That doomed a foe amazed;
The wagon trains that won the West
And every fear withstood;
America these mean to us,
And all were made of wood.

The pines that clothe the southern plains,
The big trees of the West;
The Douglas fir on Cascade slopes,
The spruce o' the Rockies' crest;
The white pine of New England's hills,
That hemlocks on Mount Hood;
America these mean to us,
Pride, beauty, wealth in wood.

—By L. C. Everard

FUEL FOR THOUGHT

The farmer burned the forest
around his cleared land,
He burned it when the weeds were dry,
and burned it to the sand,
With timber burned to ashes,
no fuel wood was nigh:—
Now the settler has a coal bill
and coal comes mighty high.

—"American Forests"

THE MOCKING BIRD

From the vale, what music ringing,
 Fills the bosom of the night,
 On the sense, entranced, flinging
 Spells of witchery and delight!
 O'er magnolia, lime and cedar,
 From yon locust-top, it swells,
 Like the chant of serenader,
 Or the rhymes of silver bells!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
 Sweeter sounds were never heard!
 'Tis the song of that wild poet—
 Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

See him, swinging in his glory,
 On yon topmost bending limb!
 Carolling his amorous story,
 Like some wild crusader's hymn!
 Now it faints in tones delicious
 As the first low vow of love!
 Now it bursts in swells capricious,
 All the moonlit vale above!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
 Sweeter sounds were never heard!
 'Tis the song of that wild poet—
 Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

Why it's thus, this sylvan Petrarch
 Pours all night his serenade?
 'Tis for some proud woodland Laura,
 His sad sonnets all are made!
 But he changes now his measure—
 Gladness bubbling from his mouth—
 Jest, and gibe, and mimic pleasure—
 Winged Anacreon of the South!

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
 Sweeter sounds were never heard!
 'Tis the song of that wild poet—
 Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

Bird of music, wit and gladness,
 Troubadour of sunny climes,
 Disenchanter of all sadness—
 Would thine art were in my rhymes,
 O'er the heart that's beating by me,
 I would weave a spell divine;
 Is there aught she could deny me,
 Drinking in such strains as thine?

Listen! dearest, listen to it!
 Sweeter sounds were never heard!
 'Tis the song of that wild poet—
 Mime and minstrel—Mocking Bird.

—By *Alexander Beaufort Meek.*

RECIPE—A FOREST RANGER

First you get a kettle and a fire that's hot,
 and when everything is ready throw in the pot.
 A doctor, a miner, of lawyers a few,
 and add one sheep herder and a cowboy or two.
 Next add a surveyor and right after that—
 a man with good sense and a good diplomat;
 At least one good mason, then give it a stir,—
 and add to the mess a good carpenter.
 A man who knows trees, and don't leave from
 the list
 A telephone man and a fair botanist—
 The next one that's added must be there it's a cinch.
 It's the man who will stay when it comes to a pinch.
 Add a man that will work, and not stand and roar,
 Who can do ten thousand things and just a few more
 Then boil it up well and skim off the scum—
 and a Ranger—you'll find, is the—
 —Residium—

American Forestry.

THE TREE PLANTER

Whoever planted rows of trees
 Beside the roads and lanes,
 God rest his soul in Heavenly peace
 And bless him for his pains;
 For he who gave of time and toil,
 Who gave of heart and hand
 To nurse the tender shoots that were
 To shade of ways of man,
 Was quite as great as those who built
 Of stone and minted gold—
 No need to cast his name in bronze,
 His deeds need not be told.

By —*Stanley Foss Bartlett, American Forests.*

"SALUTE TO THE TREES"

"Many a tree is found in the wood
 And every tree for its use is good;
 Some for the strength of the gnarled root,
 Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
 Some for shelter against the storm
 And some to keep the hearthstone warm;
 Some for the roof and some for the beam,
 And some for a boat to breast the stream;
 In the wealth of the wood since the world began
 The trees have offered their gifts to man.
 But the glory of trees is more than their gifts;
 'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
 From a wrinkled seed in the earthbound clod,
 A column, an arch in the temple of God,
 A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
 A shrine of song and a joy of sight;
 Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
 Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth
 They shelter the dwellings of man; and they bend
 O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend,
 I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
 I have slept in the shadows of olives and vines;
 In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
 I have found good rest and slumbers balm.
 And now when the morning gildes the boughs
 Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
 Open the window and make salute;
 God bless thy branches and feed thy root;
 Thou hast lived before, live after me,
 Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

LET THE FORESTS STAND

(Air: "Always")

Let the forest stand, Always,
 Lend a helping hand, Always,
 Red-wood, oak and pine, strong and straight and fine,
 Let their branches twine, Always, always.
 Leave the woods alive, Always,
 Then they're bound to thrive, Always.
 Not for just an hour, Not for just a day,
 Not for just a year, But always.

—By J. Wesley Lord.

WHY WE KEEP ARBOR DAY

(Primary Education)

(For seven children)

First:

Trees of the fragrant forest,
 With leaves of green unfurled,
 Through summer's heat, through winter's cold,
 What do you do for our world?

Second:

Our green leaves catch the raindrops
 That fall with soothing sound,
 Then drop slowly, slowly down,
 'Tis better for the ground.

Third:

When rushing down the hillside,
 A mighty freshet forms,
 Our giant trunks and spreading roots
 Defend our happy homes.

Fourth:

From burning heat in summer,
 We offer cool retreat;
 Protect the land in winter's storm
 From cold, and wind and sleet.

Fifth:

Our falling leaves in autumn,
 By breezes turned and tossed,
 Will make a deep spongy carpet warm
 Which saves the ground from frost.

Sixth:

We give you pulp for paper,
 Our fuel gives you heat;
 We furnish lumber for your homes,
 And nuts and fruits to eat.

Seventh:

With strong and graceful outline,
 With branches green and bare,
 We fill the land all through the year
 With beauty everywhere.

All:

So, listen from the forest,
 Each one a message sends
 To children, on this Arbor Day,
 "We trees are your best friends."

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE

Out of the hills of Habersham,
 Down the valleys of Hall,
 I hurry amain to reach the plain,
 Run the rapid and leap the fall,
 Split at the rock and together again,
 Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
 And flee from folly on every side
 With a lover's pain to attain the plain
 Far from the hills of Habersham,
 Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
 All through the valleys of Hall.
 The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
 The willful waterweeds held me thrall,
 The laving laurel turned my tide,
 The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
 And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
 Here in the hills of Habersham,
 Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Veiling the valleys of Hall.
 The hickory told me manifold
 Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
 Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
 The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
 Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
 Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
 Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
 These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
 And oft in the valleys of Hall,
 The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
 Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
 And many a luminous jewel lone
 —Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
 Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
 Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
 In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
 In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall,
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
 Downward the voices of Duty call—
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main.
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
 Calls through the valleys of Hall.

—By Sidney Lanier.

IN GOD'S PLACES

Come walk the windy heights
 with me,
 And feel the furious gust
 that blow
 Across your brow, and watch
 below
 The mighty trees that bend
 and bow
 To their all-conquering Deity.

Come walk with me in forests
 deep,
 Where all is still save for
 the cry
 Of some wild bird flung out
 on high,
 Of murmuring wind whose
 lullaby
 Sings the submissive trees
 to sleep.

—By F. P. H.

WALDEN LAKE

It is not far beyond the village church,
 After we pass the wood that skirts the road,
 A lake, the blue-eyed Walden that doth
 smile
 Most tenderly upon its neighboring pines.

—By William Ellery Channing.

WOOD

Have you ever stopped to wonder, as through life we rather
blunder, of the things, their names are legion, occupying
every region,

That are made of Wood?

Why the chairs in which we sit, covers 'tween which notes are
writ

Are made of Wood.

And the moldings in our halls, and the panels on the walls,
Are made of Wood.

Take our highly polished floors, and the casings on our doors,
They're made of Wood.

And the lofty spars of ships, and a girl's new rayon slips—
They're made of Wood.

And the pipes we sometimes smoke, or this so-called Koppers'
coke,

That once was Wood.

When you're spanked into this clime, you're in a cradle for some
time

That's made of Wood.

And when you're ushered out, you know, why the box in which
you go

Is made of Wood.

So if you're inclined to scoff, or to laugh and laugh and laugh
At my profession—growing wood, just remember,

That the books in which we read, once were just a little seed—
That grew to Wood.

And the casks that hold your wine, or the clothes pins on the line
They all were Wood.

And the cedar chests we keep are made of Wood.

And the mattress on which we sleep is stuffed with Wood.

And the handles of our knives, or the rolling pins of wives,
They're made of Wood.

So remember as you scoff, or just laugh and laugh and laugh,
That from the time you see earth, take my tale for what it's
worth—

Until through lie you're swiftly hurled, this would be a darn
poor world

Without WOOD.

—By Thadd Parr

THE TREE

Did you ever watch a tree
On a windy day?
It is much like you and me
When we're at play.

Watch it toss its arms up high!
See how each leaf winks
Like a roguish, friendly eye—
Do you s'pose it thinks?

Sometimes when you're on a walk
Hear its whisperings!
If we understood its talk
We'd hear jolly things.

—By Charlotte Misk

PANACEA

Great Mother Woods, stretch forth your arms to me,
For I have come again with failing fire,
My only strength the urge of my desire,
A patient for your tonic greenery;
Your roots are deep in wisdom as the sea;
And yours a singing soul of wind-tossed mirth,
To heal me as you heal the scars of earth,
With kiss of moss and tenderness of tree.

—By Amanda Benjamin Hall

FRIENDS AND TREES

Some friends are like the trees that change
Their colors in the fall.
From time to time we find that they
Are not the same at all.

Others are like the evergreens.
Whatever season frame,
Or circumstance surround them, they
Are always just the same.

—By Clarence Edwin Flynn

AN OLD MAN GOING A LONE HIGHWAY

"An old man going a lone highway,
 Came at evening—cold and gray;
 To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
 The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
 The swollen stream had no fear for him.
 But he turned when safe on the other side
 And built a bridge to span the tide.
 A fellow pilgrim standing near,
 Said: 'Old Man—you're wasting time, building here—
 You've crossed the chasm dark and wide,
 Why build a bridge at even tide?'
 The builder lifted his old gray head,
 'In the path I've come,' he said,
 'There followeth after me today
 A fair haired youth who must pass this way;
 This chasm which has been as naught to me
 To this fair youth may a pitfall be
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
 Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him.'"

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE?

What do we plant when we plant the trees?
 We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
 We plant the mast to carry the sails,
 We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
 The keel, the keelson, the beam and knee—
 We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the houses for you and me.
 We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
 We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
 The beams and siding, all parts that be,
 We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 A thousand things that we daily see.
 We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
 We plant the staff for our country's flag,
 We plant the shade from the hot sun free:
 We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—By Henry Abbey

SHADE

The kindest* thing God ever made,
His hand of very healing laid
Upon a fevered world, is shade.

His Glorious company of trees
Throw out their mantles, and on these
The dust-stained wanderer finds ease.

Green temples, closed against the best
Of noontime's blinding glare and heat,
Open to any pilgrim's feet.

The white road blisters in the sun;
Now, half the weary journey done;
Enter and rest, O weary one!

And feel the dew of dawn still wet
Beneath thy feet, and so forget
The burning highway's ache and fret.

This is God's hospitality,
And who so rests beneath a tree
Hath cause to thank Him gratefully.

—By *Theodosia Garrison*

SCOUTS' TREES

The trees give us shelter for tramping and camping,
They shield us from cold, from wind and from sun
Oh, what is so fine as a friendly forest
For resting and sleeping when tramping is done?

From slender young trees we will make bows and arrows.
From an ancient tree trunk, adug-out canoe;
Fashion our paddles from wood of the cypress,
In the swamp search and find a straight one and true.

The trees give us wood for a warm fire at evening.
When we gather for singing and to tell of great deeds.
Oh, Scouts' trees give service, companionship, pleasure,
"So save us, protect us!" Each friendly tree pleads.

—*Selected*

VIRGIN TIMBER

Have you stood 'mongst virgin timber
 Where an ax has never rung;
 In the deep moss of a forest
 That was old when you were young;
 In a woodland as God made it
 For the song-bird and the fawn;
 In a fastness of creation
 Where small miracles are born?
 Have you seen tall timber swaying
 In the sky-winds; seen the sun
 Filter through pitch-fragrant branches;
 Seen the shades when day was done,
 Creeping in 'mongst might columns
 Like the stirring mists that hung
 Over earth when it was making,
 Over life as 'twas begun?
 There's a sermon, there's a lesson,
 There's a thrill man cannot match,
 There's a meeting with the Maker
 'Neath a virgin timber thatch.

—By Stanley Foss Bartlett

INVITATION

Come to the forest woodland,
 The woodland sweet and wild,
 Come to the forest woodland
 And be again a child.
 There with the buds and flowers
 The butterflies and bees,
 Wander in shadowy bowers
 Made by the whispering trees.

—Author Unknown

FOR WEARY MEN

"Forests are made for weary men
 That they may find their souls again,
 And little leaves are hung on trees
 To whisper of old memories;
 And trails with cedar shadows black
 Are placed there just to lead men back
 Beyond the pitfalls of success
 To boyhood peace and happiness."

—Selected

PROTECT, AND PLANT, ANOTHER TREE

When the earth has yielded its store of ore,
 When its carboned bin is emptied of coal,
 And its reservoir drained of precious oil,
 As if wanton waste were the ultimate goal,
 Then man again to wood will turn,
 Since wood there will forever be;
 If man will common sense employ,
 Protect,—and plant,—another tree.

—*By Eugene C. Wachendorff, American Forests*

I like trees because they
 seem more resigned to the way
 they have to live than
 other things do.

—*By Willa Sibert Cather*

Broad streeted Richmond—
 The trees in the town are old trees
 used to living with people,
 Family-trees that remember
 your grandfather's name.

—*By Stephen Vincent Benet*

The time to hear bird music
 is between four and six in the
 morning. Seven o'clock is not
 too late, but by eight the rapture
 is over, due, I suspect, to the
 contentment of the inner man that
 comes to breakfast; a poet should
 always be hungry or have a lost love.

—*By Donald Culross Peattie*

These trees shall be my books.

—*By Wm. Shakespeare*

Within his sober realm of leafless trees,
 The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
 Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
 When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

—*By Thomas Buchanan Read*

A FOREST RECESSIONAL

(After Rudyard Kipling)

(Reprinted from *Forest Fire and Other Verse*,

By John D. Guthrie)

God of our forests, known of old,—
 Lord of our far-flung timber line,
 Beneath whose kindly hand we hold
 Dominion over fir and pine,
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
 Lest we forget Lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies
 The pleasure seekers ride away.
 Neglected still, their campfire lies,—
 Sullen sparks, mid ashes gray.
 Lord God of Hosts, remind them yet,
 Lest they forget, lest they forget.

Flame-scarred, our forests melt away.
 On hill and valley roars the fire.
 Lo, all our wealth of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget.

If careless, thoughtless loggers lose,
 Wild flames, and hold not fire in awe:
 Such flames as light-burners use,
 Or lesser breeds, without the law, —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with them yet,
 Lest they forget, lest they forget.

For vandal hand that waves the brand
 In swaying trees and crackling brush,—
 Make him a criminal in the land,
 Right thinking, let us rise and crush
 This thoughtless, careless, vandal horde.
 Help us, preserve our forests, Lord.

ON FOREST LAND

(Reprinted from *Forest Fire and Other Verse*
By John D. Guthrie)

Great forests grew in days gone by
On forest land, on forest land,
Where now bare sands and black stumps lie
The pines that clothe the southern plain,
For saw and axe in careless hand
Have swept the trees from forest land,
And fire has flung his glowing brand
On forest land, on forest land.

The acres burned, the acres bare,
On forest land, on forest land,
The acres wrecked by lack of care,
On forest land, on forest land,
Now spread their millions, barren, dead,
Where no man works, no game is fed;
And muddy streams their banks o'erspread,
On forest land, on forest land.

Drive out the fire that seeks to spoil
Our forest land, our forest land,
And save the trees and save the soil,
On forest land, on forest land,
We'll cut our trees with careful hand,
Leave seed to grow a later stand,
And plant with trees the idle land—
Make forest land a harvest land.

—By *L. C. Everard*

PINE NEEDLES

If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With the needles of the pines.

They are so long and slender
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew.

—By *William H. Hayne*

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

(For four small children)

- All: "Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?"
- First: "The saving bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For the robin and wren an apartment house."
- Second: "The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust's and katydid's concert hall."
- Third: "The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The school girl's tent in the July noon."
- Fourth: "And my leaves shall whisper right merrily
A tale of children who planted me."

—Author Unknown

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds
The humming of the bees,
The foolish fears of what might
pass
I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass
Among the new mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
Where the drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good
are born—
Out in the fields with God.

—Anonymous

He plants trees to benefit
another generation

—By Cicero

It is the lofty pine that
by the storm is oftener tossed.

—By Horace

THE GREEN HOLLY

"Heigh-ho the green holly! This life may be jolly,
 But not for the holly, when Christmas is near!"
 So sighed the tall trees, the small trees, and all trees
 That scatter their leaves in the fall of the year;
 Sighing, and crying, their reddened leaves flying,
 "Woe to the holly when Christmas is near!"
 "If you would be wiser," the oak trees advise her,
 "Cast off your green leaves and your berries so red,
 No birds would infest you, no people molest you,
 If foliage and berries were properly shed!
 'Tis simple insanity, that, and your vanity,
 Drives you to risk mutilation and death,
 Quite reprehensible! Why not be sensible?
 La! But I know I am wasting my breath!"
 "My friend," said the holly, "'Tis not utter folly
 That drives me to challenge the fate that I fear,
 The birds would be lonely, they seek me not only
 For food, but for shelter; my duty is clear:
 And children delight in my colors that brighten
 The woodland, when winter has stolen your gold,
 Ah do not derive me, my friend, do not chide me,
 My place in the world I would have and would hold!"
 Said the oak, "I retract my remarks, and in fact,
 I admire you the more for your courage and cheer,
 But Oh! My dear holly, 'tis most melancholy,
 The fate of the holly when Christmas is near!"

—By *Lillian H. Trichel*

OUR FORESTS

A safe retreat from summer's heat
 Fresh green on winter's snow
 Our forests stand in stalwart band
 To greet the folks who know.

To weary souls they're restful goals;
 On nerves distraught with care
 They spread a balm of soothing calm
 No doctor can prepare.

Quite free to all who heed the call,
 Supreme in scenic lure,
 Their verdant arms outflung with charms
 Inviting, safe, secure.

—By *Charles Allen*

GRANDFATHER'S TREES

Grandfather says I do not know
 How queer his farm looked long ago
 Before he planted the maples and oaks
 And other trees that shade our folks.

For long ago, my grandfather tells,
 The only song was the cattle bells
 And the prairie was bare and the wind was dry,
 And trees were scarce and the cost was high.

But I'm glad he planted them years ago—
 The twenty trees that stand in a row—
 And especially one where I go to swing,
 The one where the robins and the thrushes sing.

Grandfather says, as he smiles at me,
 That my father planted my favorite tree
 That's why I'm glad I can sometimes say—
 I helped to plant one this Arbor Day.

THE TREES

Time is never wasted listening to the trees;
 If to heaven as grandly we arose as these
 Holding toward each other half their kindly grace,
 Haply we were worthier of our human place.

Bending down to meet you on the hillside path,
 Birch and oak and maple each his welcome hath;
 Each his own fine cadence, his familiar word,
 By the ear accustomed, always plainly heard.

Every tree gives answer to some different mood;
 This one helps you, climbing; that for rest is good;
 Beckoning friends, companions, sentinels, they are;
 Good to live and die with, good to greet afar.

Dear, inspiring, friendly dwellers of the wood,
 Always reaching downward something grand or good,
 From the lofty spaces where you breathe and live;
 Royally unconscious, careless what you give!

O ye glorious creatures, heirs with us of earth!
 Might we win the secret of our loftier birth—
 From our depths of being grow like you and climb
 To our heights of blessing—life would be sublime.

—By Lucy Larcom

TO THE WAYFARER

(Reprinted from *American Forests*)

Ye who pass by and would raise your hand against me, harken
ere you harm me.

I am the heat of your hearth on the cold winter nights, the
friendly shade screening you from summer sun, and my
fruits are refreshing draughts, quenching your thirst as you
journey on.

I am the beam that holds your house, the board of your table,
the bed on which you lie, the timber that builds your boat.

I am the handle of your hoe, the door of your homestead, the
woods of your cradle, and the shell of your coffin.

I am the bread of kindness and the flower of beauty.

Ye who pass by, listen to my prayer: harm me not.

—Charles Rynols

BURNED FORESTS

I think the first gift God gave trees was pride,
That they might face His Heaven unbowed,
How straight the firs are on the mountain-side!
How clean the pines! The whitest cloud,
The bluest sky, shame not a tree!
Tree-heads are skyward honesty.

The pride is in the fiber of tree wood.
It dies by neither axe nor mill.
In new white lumber clear and strong and good,
Tree pride is firm and vital still.
Proud are tall masts upon the sea.
And proud house-wood carved from a tree.

One way of death alone trees cannot face;
And hold aloof from fear and shame;
Stark, blackened trunks that haunt a dismal place
Confess surrender to that flame,
The forest fire. Then shall we be
Unshamed that fire should rape a tree?
Burned forests on a mountain-side
God's tree without His gift of pride.

—By S. Omar Barker, in *Hollands Magazine*

GOOD TIMBER

The tree that never had to fight
 For sun and sky and air and light,
 That stood out in the open plain
 And always got its share of rain,
 Never became a forest king
 But lived and died a scrubby thing.

The man who never had to toil,
 Who never had to win his share
 Of sun and sky and light and air,
 Never became a manly man
 But lived and died as he began.

Good timber does not grow in ease;
 The stronger wind, the tougher trees,
 The farther sky, the greater length,
 By sun and cold, by rain and snows,
 In tree or man good timber grows.
 Where thickest stands the forest growth
 We find the patriarchs of both,
 And they hold converse with the stars,
 Whose broken branches show the scars
 Of many winds and much of strife—
 This is the common law of life.

—*Anonymous.*

GIVING THANKS FOR TREES

God of the Forest, Gracious Lord,
 To Thee we voice our thanks,
 For trees that clothe the naked earth,
 And guard the river banks;
 That give so freely of their shade
 To city park and street;
 That shelter man from winter's blast,
 And from the summer's heat.

We praise Thee for the oak's great strength,
 And for the willow's grace
 We thank Thee for the purity
 Found in the birch-leaf's face.
 For singing trees, tuned with the wind—
 These make our hearts rejoice;
 For trees in poetry and art,
 Our gratitude we voice.

—*By Aletha M. Bonner*

THE PLANTING SONG

(To the tune of "America")

God save these trees we plant,
And to all nature grant
Sunshine and rain.

Let not their branches fade,
Save them from ax and spade,
Save them for joy and shade—
Guarding the plain.

When they are ripe to fall,
Neighbored by trees as tall,
Shape them for good.
Shape them to bench and stool,
Shape them to square and rule,
Shape them for home and school,
God bless the wood.

Lord of the earth and seas,
Prosper our planted trees,
Save with Thy might.
Save us from indolence,
Waste and improvidence,
And in Thy excellence,
Lead us aright.

—By *Henry Hanby Hay*

THE GREAT MAGNOLIA

The magnolia—a queenly tree,
In regalia, royal is she.
Her waxen leaves of lustrous sheen
Form robes of splendid emerald green,
And on her crest are ivory flowers—
The choicest gift from Flora's bowers.
The splendor of the creamy blooms
In springtime, make the senses swoon,
When roseate from the setting sun
Their charms enhance, as day is done.

—By *Mildred R. Beatty*

PLANT A TREE

(Recitation for one or five pupils)

He who plants a tree
 Plants a hope.
 Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
 Leaves unfold into horizons free.
 So man's life must climb
 From the clouds of time
 Unto heavens sublime.
 Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
 What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
 Plants a joy;
 Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
 Every day a fresh reality.
 Beautiful and strong,
 To whose shelter throng
 Creatures blithe with song,
 If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
 Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee.

He who plants a tree
 He plants peace;
 Under its green curtains jargons cease,
 Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
 Shadows soft with sleep
 Down tired eyelids creep,
 Balm of slumber deep.
 Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
 Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
 He plants youth;
 Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
 Life of time, that hints eternity!
 Boughs their strength uprear,
 New shoots every year
 On old growths appear.
 Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
 Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree
 He plants love;
 Tents of coolness spreading out above
 Wayfarers he may not live to see.
 Gifts that grow are best;
 Hands that bless are blest;
 Plant—life does the rest!
 Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
 And his good work its own reward shall be.

REQUIEM

The big pine trees, that proudly rise
 Tall tier on tier against the skies,
 Must die—and soon—dark smoke clouds spill
 The burning brands across the hill.

Long centuries, benign, serene,
 They've clothed the land in living green;
 A forest of majestic sweep,
 With hidden valleys, cool and deep.

Where wild things came, year after year,
 To rear their young, free from all fear;
 And winter snows and summer rains
 Were held in store for thirsty plains.

How desolate the land will be!
 How sad the blackened stumps to see!
 For many men shall come and go
 Ere once again the big pines grow.

—By Irene Welch Grissom

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
 Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
 Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
 Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;
 And God and man shall own his worth,
 Who toils to leave as his bequest
 An added beauty to the earth."

—Whittier

THE SOUND OF TREES

I wonder about the trees:
 Why do we wish to bear
 Forever the noise of these
 More than another noise
 So close to our dwelling-place?

—By Robert Frost

Trees in their blooming
 Tides in their flowing
 Stars in their circling
 Tremble with song.

—By Sir William Watson

Oh for a seat in some
 poetic nook,
 Just hid with trees and
 Sparkling with a brook!

—By Leigh Hunt

Baby said
 When she smelt the rose,
 "Oh! what a pity
 I've only one nose."

—By Laura Elizabeth Richards

AS YOU LIKE IT

Sweet are the uses of adversity
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

—By William Shakespeare

I see men as trees walking.

Matthew VIII

Trees, when they are lopped and
 cut, grow up again in a short
 time, but men, being once
 lost, cannot easily be recovered.

—By Plutarch

A PINE TREE

Clean-cut and tall
 Against the sky's warm blue,
 The softer blue of hills, and all
 The mingled green and brown and red
 Of trees and roofs and spires—
 A pine tree lifts its head.

Often it makes
 A cool shadow for the town;
 Often when sudden tempest shakes
 The trees and all the earth around,
 It shelters every nest it holds
 Where birds have refuge found.

And I have seen its form
 By vivid lightning lit;
 The one sure spire in all the storm,
 It seemed to point through rugged bars
 Of midnight cloud, to where
 Serenely shone God's stars.

Always the tree
 Has been the landmark there—
 Old friend, just as it seems to me
 Against the changing gray and blue
 Of years you stand unchanged—
 Staunch, sheltering, and true.

—By Alice E. Allen

THE COMING OF THE TREES

(Courtesy *Ladies' Home Journal*)

"Let trees be made, for Earth is bare,"
 Spoke the voice of the Lord in thunder.
 The roots ran deep and the trees were there,
 And Earth was full of wonder.

For the white birch leaned, the oak held straight,
 The pines marched down the mountain;
 The orchards bowed with their blossomed weight,
 And the elm rose up like a fountain.

The palm stood proud as Aaron's rod,
 The willow billowed slowly,
 So came the trees at the call of God;
 And all the trees are holy.

—By Arthur Guiterman

LIVE OAK

(Courtesy *Ladies' Home Journal*)

The way of an oak is wondrous
 Since first a flaming sword
 Kept it fair in Eden
 Before the face of the Lord.

There is no tree that blossoms
 But prays that it may be
 As fair, as strong a sapling,
 As the Garden of Eden tree.

The birth tree prays in beauty,
 The willow in humble tears,
 The fruit trees pray in service,
 The pine in growth of years.

The cedar prays in fragrance,
 The elm in grace and height,
 The maple prays in shelter
 For beasts and birds' delight.

But a live oak weathers winter—
 Storm and struggle and strife—
 The way of an oak is foursquare,
 The way of the tree of life.

—By *Fanny de Grott Hastings*

PLANT A TREE

Plant a willow by the brook,
 Poplars by the garden wall,
 Apples in some orchard nook,
 Maples for a gorgeous fall.

Set an oak for pasture shade,
 Slender pines to climb a hill,
 Elms upon a velvet lawn,
 Set a tree with thought and skill.

Breathe a little loving thought
 For all trees this glad spring day.
 Birds and squirrels plant their trees.
 Don't you care as much as they?

—By *Frances Crosby Hamlet*

TO A PINE

Tall and stately guardian of
 the forest
 Thy branches spread to all
 four winds:
 East, West, North, South,
 Alone there on the mountain
 top you stand
 A sentinel outlooking far
 and wide,
 Way down upon the
 little valley town
 And far beyond the rivers
 distant mouth
 High up on yonder hill
 I see
 When groan thy mighty
 limbs 'neath breezes strong
 Giving unto the forest
 Natures weird and plaintive
 song,—
 Singing the birds to sleep
 As sounds thy moaning
 requiem.

NATURE

The rounded world is fair to see.
 Nine times folded in mystery:
 Though baffled seers cannot impart
 The secret of its laboring heart,
 Throb thine with nature's throbbing breast.
 And all is clear from east to west,
 Spirit that lurks each form within
 Beckons to spirit of its kin;
 Self-kindled every atom glows,
 And hints the future which it owes.

—By *R. Waldo Emerson*

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND

The stately homes of England!
 How beautiful they stand,
 Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
 O'er all the pleasant land!

—By *Felicia Dorothea Hemans*

DESOLATION

This is the forest fire evil;
 The murmuring firs and the cedars
 Stand, like a skeleton forest,
 Stripped of their beauteous raiment.

Gone is the joy of the forest,
 Gone is the pleasure it gave us;
 Mute, reproachful and silent
 It stands in its black desolation.

You who enjoy the wild beauty
 Of forested mountain and valley,—
 Leave it,—as green as you find it;
 Leave no smouldering spark, to destroy it.

—By George E. Griffith

MY CHRISTMAS TREE

Each year as sure as Christmas comes around
 The family send me out to get a tree,
 And heretofore my habit's always been
 To take the very first that I could see.
 But lately I've been giving it some thought
 And now it seems a senseless thing to do—
 To rob the Future of a stately tree
 To furnish pleasure for an hour or two.
 See, where those sapling pines out in the glade
 Straight as a lance are reaching towards the sun.
 Now, these will all be fine big trees some day
 If I don't end what Nature has begun.
 But here's a little tree beneath the shade
 Of this great, husky, moss-clad forest king,
 A slender chance has he to reach his prime,
 Yet for a Christmas Tree he's just the thing!
 So I'll take this, and hie me home again,
 And leave yon sturdy saplings all intact
 To grow and rear strong columns to the sky
 'Til what I see in fancy turns to fact.

—W. H. Currie

“WHAT DO WE BURN WHEN WE BURN OUR TREE?”

What do we burn when we burn a tree?
 We burn the home for you and me,
 We burn the carriage house, barn and shed,
 The baby's cradle, the table, the rocker of ease,
 We burn all these when we burn our trees.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
 The daily comfort which everyone sees,
 The wages for man for years to come,
 In factories big where busy wheels hum—
 For industries many depend on trees—
 When our forests burn we burn all these.

What do we burn when we burn our trees?
 The homes of birds, the squirrels and bees,
 The home of the brook and the cooling spring,
 Where violets blossom and bluebirds sing,
 The beauties of nature, so fair to please—
 We burn all of these when we burn the trees.

Summer or winter, day or night,
 The woods are an ever new delight;
 They give us peace, and they make us strong,
 Such wonderful balms to them belong.

—By R. H. Stoddard

TREES

I think that I shall never see
 A poem lovely as a tree.

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
 Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,
 And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear
 A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain;
 Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,
 But only God can make a tree.

—By Joyce Kilmer

CAROLINA

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina! Carolina!

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
Carolina! Carolina!

Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
They shall not touch thy noble heart,
Carolina! Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
Like thine own proud armorial trees,
Carolina! Carolina!

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair.
Carolina! Carolina!

—By Henry Timrod

LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn to Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

—By William Henry Davies

ARBOR DAY PLANTING INSTRUCTIONS

HANDLING THE TREES

1. The trees may be bought from local commercial nurseries or secured from the woods. Nursery grown saplings from six to ten feet in height are usually suitable for transplanting. Trees grown through human aid under present nursery methods have received their proper portion of sunlight, specially adapted soil, pruning and other requirements tending toward a suitable balance of top, stem and root system. The young trees of the forest, however, have been competing among themselves for these advantages and comparatively few of them are of a well balanced development during their early stages of growth. Where there is an abundance of young trees in the nearby woods, however, their comparative cheapness may off-set the better quality of nursery grown stock. As a rule, the younger the tree the less the difference as compared with those raised in the nursery. Forest-grown stock selected for transplanting usually should not exceed four to five feet in height for hardwoods and two feet for evergreens.

2. The tools for taking young trees from the woods comprise materials and shovel, spade or spading fork. The first step is to select the young seedlings or saplings to be planted. These should be of good thrifty appearance and healthy color. After the trees are chosen the next step is to loosen the soil about them with the spade. The soil should be loosened to a distance of two feet around the tree, and deep enough to insure free removal of the roots. One person may then lift upward, being careful not to allow the roots to strip or peel, while a helper uses the shovel in freeing it from the soil. Extreme care should be taken not to destroy any more of the fine roots and root hairs than absolutely necessary. It is very essential to save these root hairs since it is through them that the young tree will establish itself in its new site and make contact with the soil to secure the food and water that it requires for its growth.

3. After the young trees have been lifted from the ground, in either the woods or the nursery, it is very necessary that the roots be prevented from drying out. If the trees are to be transplanted any distance the roots should be packed in moist moss, shavings or wet sacks. Unless this is done, the roots are likely to dry out and there will be little hope of the trees' survival, especially in the case of evergreens.

4. Unless the trees are planted immediately upon arrival at their new site, a trench should be dug large enough to hold the roots of the trees and the latter placed therein and covered with the earth removed in digging the trench. This process is called "heeling in," and prevents the roots from becoming dry. The tops should never be covered.

PLANTING THE TREES

1. Each tree should be taken separately from the trench where it is heeled in and planted immediately in order to avoid drying out. The tree should be held upright with the roots spread in a natural manner without excessive bending or crowding, while helpers with shovels fill in around the roots with the soil taken from the hole. The topsoil should be placed next to the roots and the subsoil should be put on top. No fertilizer or other substance than the soil should come in contact with the roots. The tree should be set so that it is from one to two inches below the level which it formerly occupied. The soil should be tamped gently but firmly around the roots, and must be solid enough to hold the tree in place but should not be packed tight.

2. Shade and ornamental trees exposed to strong winds should be supported by a stake driven on the windward side to which the tree may be loosely bound with strips of burlap wound from the tree to the stake in the shape of a figure eight. The stake should be nearly the height of the tree and about two inches or two and one-half inches square. The burlap should be in a fairly wide band and fastened to the stake with tacks so that it may be raised or lowered on the tree in case chafing results.

3. Shade and ornamental trees should be watered frequently until they are thoroughly well established. Trees planted for timber production usually do not require watering. Shade trees need air and food for their roots.

4. Either just before or just after planting, the last year's growth of the branches of each hardwood tree should be pruned away in order that there will be a proper balance between the crown and roots, the latter invariably having suffered to some extent during the process of transplanting. It is better to prune heavily than too lightly. The leaves of broadleaf evergreen trees should be removed before transplanting to avoid moisture losses. In some cases the trunks should be wrapped with strips of burlap or water-proof paper to keep the sun's rays from the trunk until the end of the first summer after planting.

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